

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET THIS GUY BACK AGAIN

This Sadé Latham license affair demonstrates how much we need Argyll Campbell back working for the city. If the son-of-a-gun is going to continue to operate around here, we'd better get him operating on our side of the fence. We no sooner let him go than, bingo! it costs us our self-respect.

SORRY, BUT BOB NORTON DID NOT SHOOT AT THAT BOY

We're sorry we cannot gratify those who share, but not so intelligently, our lack of enthusiasm for the police department and its uniformed head, but Bob Norton didn't shoot AT that fleeing parole-violator last week. Neither did Policeman Roy Frates. Those who telephoned to us and breathlessly informed us of what they had heard over the radio, didn't get us excited at all. We don't think Bob is much of a police chief, or perhaps we should say, we think he is too much of a police chief, but we give him considerably more credit than to imagine he'd try to kill a boy who was running away from him.

MONTEREY-SAN SIMEON ROAD; LET'S CALL IT THAT

Carmel's city council will probably hand the Monterey Chamber of Commerce a present in the form of the name of the Coast road. Carmel doesn't like the presents the road is giving it in the form of bums and bachelors. At Wednesday night's meeting of the council, Winsor Joselyn suggested that Monterey would be glad to get its name into the Coast road's handle. So, instead of the Carmel-San Simeon Highway, it may hereafter be advertised to the world as the Monterey-San Simeon Highway, or, more sensibly, the Monterey-San Luis Obispo Highway. It would be a move in the right direction. Carmel, after all, isn't directly on the highway and the name in the advertised designation of the road brings people in and through here who actually don't want to visit us any more than we want them to. The police department has discovered that many turn in here because they think the Carmel-San Simeon Highway naturally passes through Carmel.

YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THIS ABOUT GIRL WHO WAS IN THE SHADOWS

Those who so readily and with a fine display of human sympathy and understanding responded to the appeal for help for the sick girl in the canyon shadows down the coast, will be happy to know that she has been brought up into Carmel sunshine. If you had pictured in your mind a delightful place for Babe to be in, your vision would have fallen short of the actual fact. She is being cared for in a lovely home in the woods on the fringe of Carmel. The morning sun finds its way to her bed before it has risen far above the horizon and in the afternoon it stays with her to its last warm glance. During the noon hours she is moved out to a patio where she gets it at mid-day. No hospital could give Babe any more than she is getting now and the new light in her eyes shows her gratitude so plainly. This has all been made possible through the efforts and ma-

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COUNCIL FIRES VINCENT WILLIAMS OUT OF CARMEL FIRE DEPARTMENT

COUNCIL FIGHTS TO KEEP SADE FROM GETTING LICENSE NEXT TO CHURCH

Carmel's city council has decided not to lie down and let the State Board of Equalization walk over it roughshod.

At Wednesday night's meeting the council passed a resolution which instructed City Attorney Billy Hudson "to take such steps to cause Sade Latham's license to be denied as he finds best suited to the purpose."

This action was taken after con-

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PLANS ARE DRAWN FOR DRIVE-IN MARKET

Plans have been drawn for a drive-in market to cost in the neighborhood of \$55,000, on the Murphy property on Ocean avenue east of the Carmel Theatre.

The building is planned to house the bus station and a service station at the corner of Junipero, a grocery store next in the center of the building on Ocean avenue with two apartments above it, and in the western end a bakery, butcher store and florist shop.

It is understood that Florence Leidig, whose lease on her present site at Dolores and Ocean expires next year, will be the grocery tenant.

WITH STERN LIP AND DETERMINED MIEN BOARD MOVES TO END AN INCIPIENT MUTINY; LEIDIG GETS VOTE OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Vincent Williams, junior fire engine driver, bounced himself out of that job through his resignation presented to the council Wednesday night, and up jumped the city council and bounced Vincent Williams out of the fire department entirely. It was all done with that always-to-be-counted-on, but often misplaced efficiency of Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire and water, aided and abetted, one might say, by a little communication from Fire Chief Bob Leidig to the effect that Vincent was the bomb shell that was going off in fragments and spontaneously all over the fire house.

New Telephone Book Shows We Grow

Out comes the new telephone book and boosts Carmel's standing among communities of the earth. The new book lists just 1888 telephone stations in the Carmel-Pebble Beach section as against a total of 1758 as of December 31, 1936.

The new book has a green cover, but you know that by now—you must have gotten yours. One of the new things that intrigued us is at the back of the book, just inside the cover, pages 11 and 12, listing and illustrating a lot of telephone gadgets, such as "key boxes," "teletypewriters," etc. You'll find it interesting.

Not that it matters, but A.D.H. Company leads the directory in Carmel, and A. Zunino, out in Carmel Valley, brings up the rear. In between the two, Coral Wreath Sly again appears. We don't believe any other telephone book has a Coral Wreath Sly.

+ + +

Carmel Shocked At Death of Dr. Kehr

The incredible news of the sudden death in Pasadena of Dr. Edwin F. Kehr was telephoned to Mrs. Kehr's sister, Mrs. Dale Leidig, in Carmel Monday morning. It is Thursday that this is written and today Carmel residents continue to speak in hushed tones of what seems nothing less than a tragedy.

Dr. Kehr, who was associated with Dr. Paul Hunter in his practice on the Peninsula, left Carmel with Dr. Hunter in June of this year. The two opened offices in Pasadena. Dr. Kehr had won to himself scores of personal friends and the list of his acquaintances who found him both professionally and personally an increasingly good doctor and fine man were legion.

He was only 32 years old and had lived on the Peninsula since 1931. He studied medicine at the University of Wisconsin and Johns Hopkins. He was on the staff of the Santa Barbara Hospital before coming to Carmel. He and Mrs. Kehr found their greatest relaxation in the raising of pedigreed Sealyhams.

Surviving him are his wife, Mrs. Margaret Taylor Kehr; his mother, Mrs. Thekla Kehr, and two brothers, D. A. and G. W. Kehr.

If you want the proceedings in their chronological order it was like this:

Vincent's resignation was read by Saidee Van Brower.

Resolution accepting resignation. All ayes.

Resolution praising Fire Chief Robert G. Leidig and expressing appreciation of his services. All ayes.

Letter from Chief Leidig blaming Williams for all the trouble in the fire department and recommending his removal.

Resolution firing Williams completely out of the fire department. All ayes.

And let us tell you that all this happened with no sound other than the voice of Saidee, the distant roar of the waves on the beach and the one basso aye, two baritone ayes, one tenor aye and one soprano aye of the city councilmen.

It was too perfect for words. It left you with the definite impression that the city council had decided that if there was any discord in the fire department it might just as well take itself off the premises before some more firemen are thrown out on their ear along with Williams.

There is another angle to the thing, however. There are possible repercussions. There was to be held

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SANITARY BOARD WILL ASSESS DISTRICT FOR DISPOSAL PLANT TO COST ABOUT \$60,000

At last the Carmel Sanitary District Board of Trustees has decided on a plan for a complete new sewage disposal plant. That it has taken it considerable time to reach a decision is perhaps indicative of the merit of the proposal it has finally decided on.

The following statement, issued by the board this week, sets forth what it intends to do and how it intends to do it:

"The Carmel Sanitary District Board has taken steps to proceed at once with plans and specifications for the construction of a sewage treatment plant to be erected on the so-called 'Island Site' adjacent to the Carmel River.

"The Board after due deliberation has decided to proceed with its

plant development under the improvement act of 1911, not by means of a bond election as previously considered. In departing from the idea of submitting these proposals directly to the people, the Board feels

"First: That the majority of the people are greatly in favor of the plan as frequently outlined in the press for an approved, modern plant, removed from our beach, and isolated from residential districts.

"Second: That the situation at the beach has become too serious and dangerous a menace to permit the further necessary delays and complications under the bond issue procedure.

"Third: That to act on the plan

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CRUEL WORDS ARE TOSSED ABOUT IN SHAFF-VAN BROWER BATTLE

Only a Philadelphia lawyer and a court stenographer could get anything but a much-jumbled report of the battle of Van Brower and Shaff at the city council meeting Wednesday night.

From the time Joe Burge started the thing, until the final shot when Jim Thoburn reluctantly declared that he had signed the Shaff Brothers' final claim for \$225, as the claim to end all Shaff claims, we hope, the verbal shot fell thick and fast, falling on innocent and guilty, semi-innocent, semi-guilty alike.

Kent Clark, the abiding taxpayer, who has stepped out of his role in the audit thing to the point where he appears not to care a rap how much money is spent, who spends it, or where, tried to smooth everything out by declaring that the council had ordered the audit and instructed the auditor to install the books and the auditor having done so, it was just up to the council to pay him anything he asked.

But, even though Thoburn finally signed the last warrant, it wasn't as easy as all that. Clark was asked if he would have pursued the same course if he were hiring an auditor

and he found the question a bit annoying. He made it evident that his opposition to Saidee Van Brower stifled any disposition on his part to treat her justly.

That the books the \$4,000 auditors have provided for her office are badly arranged and difficult to use is clear to anyone not unreasonably bitter at the city clerk, and her refusal to accept them has been upheld by book experts who are as efficient as the Shaff Brothers.

However, L. K. Shaff took upon himself to tell Saidee that his brother, Clayton, who was absent, "didn't think her competent to judge a set of books," and Joe Burge indirectly told her that she refused cooperation to the council and the auditor, and said that if everything wasn't cleared up before the next election he would propose a change in the law to make the office of city clerk appointive instead of elective.

Nevertheless, the bill for the books Saidee will not accept will be paid and, as Mayor Smith said in his usual whisper: "They'll come in handy sometime."

WAS IT YOU? NUMBER 7

You were smoking a cigarette as you rounded the corner of San Carlos into Ocean avenue and headed for the post office. (Follow almost anybody in Carmel and you'll end up at the post office sooner or later!). There was an awfully cute little white puppy behind you as you looked in your box and you petted him while we waited to see where you would go next. There weren't many people out at 20 minutes to 5 yesterday afternoon so it was easy to keep your dark blue coat with the plaid collar and your gray shoes in view. In the Village Five and Ten you picked out a spool of white cotton—and there we left you, looking at cards on the stationery side of the aisle near the door.

If you were this person, bring this paper into THE CYMBAL office and we'll give you a dollar bill.

Clay Otto was No. 6.

terial help of Mrs. Harold L. Mack and others, and of the Carmel Red Cross.

HOW ABOUT NO FOUNTAIN? HOW ABOUT MORE CARE FOR TUBERCULAR PATIENTS?

While our mind is on the girl in the sunshine the thought of an \$8,000 fountain for the courtyard of the new Monterey County Court House at Salinas crowds in upon us. We see by the *Peninsula Herald* that the fountain is not finished but work on it will shortly go ahead. Perhaps the county needs that fountain to delight the eye and bathe the birds, but it occurs to us that there is something else that we could use with considerably more benefit to humanity.

When we first investigated the matter of getting proper care for Babe, we learned that there are 25 tubercular cases, needing hospitalization, on a waiting list because we have no room for them in the county hospital. Eight thousand dollars might not build a wing on the county hospital, but it would be a good nest egg toward building that wing. And if we can't use it immediately for the care of those whom we have no facilities for caring for now, we might divert it to the food fund in the tubercular hospital and give the patients there enough to eat and the right kind of food. It has been brought to our attention on several occasions lately that the tubercular patients neither get the right kind of food nor enough of what they do get; that because of the unfortunate material arrangements it has to be brought to them from another building and is cold when they get it.

We have a new county court house. Bob Stanton designed it nicely, Jo Mora decorated it beautifully, and it stands, as our brother journalists insist on saying, "as a monument" to something or other. That's fine and we here on THE CYMBAL are just so proud of our new court house we haven't words to express it. But we feel we can do without the garnishment of a fountain. We'd get much more of a thrill out of a new wing for the tubercular hospital, better food for the tubercular patients.

YOU HAVE TO HAND IT TO THIS MAN ROWNTREE

You have to hand it to this man Rowntree—he's like Farley in electing presidents: when he makes up his mind to something he doesn't mess around. While other members of the city council may move in something of a daze and not be quite certain what to do next, Rowntree knows what he wants to do, and what he wants the city council to do, and he gets it over. Often times he's wrong, but he has the virtue of a certain definiteness about him.

Take this Bob Leidig-Vincent Williams five-round go in the fire department. Williams sends in his resignation as junior fire engine driver. Saidee Van Brower hasn't much more than got the signature out of her mouth, before Rowntree slips her a couple of resolutions: one telling the world that Leidig is a swell chief and has the confidence of the council right down to the floorboards, and the other accepting Williams' resignation without comment. Then Saidee reads a communication from Leidig recommending that for the good of the fire department Vincent Williams' name be wiped off the roster of Carmel volunteer firemen. Without even shifting his cheroot to a different angle, Rowntree slides in an ordinance with all the phraseology of an international treaty, removing the said Vincent Williams from the roster of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department.

Rowntree has considerable that God didn't bestow on the other members of our city council. He takes one concentrated look at the target, picks up the gun and pulls the trigger. That he sometimes smashes a perfectly good bridge lamp or breaks a window is too bad, but anyway he stands up and shoots and, what's more, he doesn't seem to give a damn whose gun he uses.

THIS CHURCH DOORSTEP TAP ROOM LICENSE ACTION IS AFFRONT TO CARMEL

Granting of a tap room license to Sadé Latham in a building almost on the front steps of the Carmel Community Church arouses wonder on the part of those who protested against this action as to just what a community can do to prevent such a thing.

Our city council, ostensibly representative of the people, sends a unanimous protest.

The property owners surrounding the proposed tap room site send a unanimous protest.

The referee of the Board of Equalization, following a hearing in Carmel, recommends against the granting of the application.

Presto! The Board of Equalization grants the application.

THE CYMBAL considers this action by the state board a direct affront to Carmel and a sad commentary on the principles of democratic government.

It is certain that the city council acted in its protest on no personal motives. It protested because it opposed the location of a liquor establishment directly adjoining a church, and because it believed that the people it represented opposed such a thing.

Property owners on the block, signed protests against the granting of the license and some of them with selfish motives, perhaps, but within their rights under the law, were heard at the public hearing two weeks ago.

Members of the Carmel Community Church, which has been at its present location for many many years as Carmel history goes, protested the location of a place selling liquor next to its church edifice. Selfish, too, we presume, but without exposing too boldly our own decrepit Christian faith, we would venture the remark that over the years the Carmel Community Church's unselfish contribution to the general welfare of the community outbalances any fancied harm it may have done. What we mean to say is that it has a very definite right to be heard.

The State Board of Equalization sends a referee down here. He gets Carmel's side of the case and he gets Sadé Latham's side. Then he goes back to Sacramento and, according to the Associated Press report, recommends to the board that it not grant the license application.

Whereupon the State Board grants the license application.

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy—and one of them is the uncanny ability of Argyll Campbell.

NO "CARMEL CAPERS" TODAY BECAUSE —

There is no, or are no "Carmel Capers" this week because our Libby Ley is in Dante Hospital in San Francisco with a broken foot and an injured shoulder. Libby is there because she is constitutionally unable to understand what a speedometer is for. It means nothing to her. There is something about that constitutional aspect of Libby that gives you the key to Libby's whole self. She's like that; she's delightfully like that. "But it sometimes hurts her; hurts her mentally and spiritually as she is physically hurt

now. And as we write this, it is her birthday. We are sorry, here in THE CYMBAL office, sorrier than we can find the proper words to say. Perhaps there is considerable selfishness in our sorrow. If you had a Libby Ley flash in upon you three or four times a week and keep flashing until she had flashed out of sight again, perhaps you'd understand. And so, up to her, with these inadequate words, we send our sympathy, and our prayers which if they are answered, will make her well again, and soon.

—W. K. B.

BODLEY SEEKS AID

Mr. W. K. Bassett,
Editor, CARMEL CYMBAL,
Carmel, California.

Dear Mr. Bassett:

Thank you for last week's editorial expressing the Church's position in connection with the proposed restaurant-bar next door to our building.

The Church and the Community of Carmel have one recourse, namely, to place the matter before the Board of Equalization in an appeal-hearing in Sacramento. This, we as a Church are ready to do provided our friends give us their support. From comments freely made on the street, the people of Carmel do not want a restaurant-bar next to the Church. Even indulgent people and friends of Sadé Latham, are opposed to her locating there. We believe that there is enough love for old Community Church—pioneer on Lincoln Street since 1904—the first Church established in Carmel—to present a strong front before the Board at a re-hearing.

This will take plenty of written testimony and a financial support to employ an attorney and to take witnesses to Sacramento. The expense will likely amount to several hundred dollars before we are through but we can win the case.

May I as pastor of the Church, and representing my people, use your publication as a channel for presenting this matter to the community and asking for hundreds of personal expressions in writing? Checks will be most acceptable to support the Church in this move. The case is not over. For the welfare of Carmel, Lincoln Street, and the Community Church write your expression and send it to me in the next few days.

HOMER S. BODLEY, JR.

PRAISES CONSTANT EATER

Dear Editor CYMBAL:

I want to send a word of appreciation for the Constant Eater's column. It is interesting as well as helpful.

My mother owned Dr. Chase's book and in my childhood I thought that it ranked with the dictionary and the bible for unquestionable authority.

The simple and direct style of writing without any of the "awfully attractive" and other trite and annoying phrases that often describe a succulent dish is pleasing.

Long may the Constant Eater share her happy friends with us.

A Berkeley admirer of THE CYMBAL.

Nov. 1, 1937

BILLY FRANCE POSTS HIS OBJECTIONS TO MERIT LAW

Billy France has posted his personal objection to the merit system on the window of the Carmel Hardware in Dolores street. A clipping from a New England paper tells of three volunteer firemen who took a required test on driving the fire truck. The two men who had driven the truck for 12 years failed to pass the test. The man, who had driven only two or three times was announced as the "expert" for the department and the legal driver.

In and Out...of CARMEL SHOPS

HERE'S HEADLINE NEWS

—and I mean just that, for I saw the smartest little stovepipe hat at the ENGRACIA Hat Shop on Lincoln street. It was made up in a very dark brown felt and had a clever band of Kolinski fur around the top. How her sex would envy the fortunate woman who wore that hat to a tea. I adore the way Mrs. Case displays just a few hats at a time with here and there a bowl or a spray of those gorgeous Ice Box flowers to set them off. In fact, this unusual hat shop, in itself, is an experience not to be missed by any woman who likes individual hats at reasonable prices.

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING NOVEL—not to say original and different, have Mr. De Packh carve you a sign for your windshield that will tell the world that you live in or have visited the best little village on earth, Carmel. Of course we wouldn't suggest that you advertise our town unless it could be done artistically, ahem! but artistic is just what this little sign is (about the size of an envelope), as is everything else this artist makes. Go into the Woodcraft Shop on Dolores street some time and watch the man work. It looks easy.

LET'S TALK TURKEY—about this time of year the thoughts of considerable of our population turn to the gallant gobbler. If anyone can't wait till Thanksgiving then

A convenient way to renew your subscription to The Cymbal is to drop into the office of the Carmel Investment Company (Barnet Segal) almost next to the post office and do it.

drop into Walt's Dairy and have one of those palate-tickling turkey sandwiches for lunch, served toasted or plain with a delicious salad. Now there's a lunch that shouts "come again soon."

YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE—of finding beautiful things at Macbeth's but this week they are really giving us an extraordinary treat with a showing of some lovely modern paintings by Louise Jenkins of Monterey. These have been shown lately in the California Women's Exhibit in San Francisco. Some very delicate and extremely modern wood carvings by Royal Hickman of San Francisco are also here.

I'M NOT SELFISH—so I don't mind telling you that if you wish to entertain a guest or treat yourself to a perfect dinner when you are rushed or it's the cook's night out, telephone up to Forest Lodge and tell them you're coming. For grand food, perfect service and most delightful surroundings, it has no equal. Everyone's talking about the chicken curry they serve now and then, with all the trimmings. You know—India chutney, coconut, minced peanuts and so many more I lost count.

TO BE SMART—these days, every woman must wear one or more clips and a bracelet or two. The many colored, jeweled ones are particularly stunning at Jean Ritchie's Yarn Shop in El Paseo Court on Dolores. Listen to this, girls, they can be had for as little as fifty cents and you can't pay more than \$2.50. It's not too soon to think of knitting a Christmas gift and there are imported as well as domestic yarns in lovely new shades. —M. R. S.



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Haskell-Pelton Pigeons Back; Blistered

C. F. Haskell and Jack Pelton have learned that even a squab can do it.

Haskell and Jack have acquired a bunch of carrier pigeons and they have begun to demonstrate with them. Jack gets credits in the Boy Scouts for his part in the thing and Haskell just gets fun out of it.

Anyway, a week ago Monday Betsy Bosworth, en route for Davis where she is learning to make things grow in abundance, took five of the Pelton-Haskell pigeons with her from Carmel.

Pelton and Haskell had a great deal of confidence in four of the lot, but they were a bit uncertain about the fifth. He had never before been away from home. What he would do in the great world outside was a moot question. Even grown men have been unable sometimes to find their way home.

This is what happened. Some time Monday Miss Bosworth let the five pigeons out at Davis. Before night had drawn her sable curtain down and pinned it with a star on the very same Monday in came—well, we'll call her *Bedelia*. The next curtain-pinning saw *Esmeralda* slip in at the Monte Verde street cote. On Wednesday Mussolini came puffing home.

But it wasn't until this Monday, a week after his release, that little *Chauncey* ambled down Ocean avenue and turned right at Pine Inn. Haskell says his feet were all blistered. Anyway, he got here.

The fifth guy, appropriately named *Rip Van Winkle*, evidently went to sleep somewhere in Solano county, or thereabout. He hasn't rung the bell at Haskell's house yet.

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GIRL SCOUTS PUT ON GOOD SHOW IN GARAGE WINDOW

The Carmel Girl Scouts put on a good show in the windows of Levinson's Carmel Garage last week. The girls in Troop 1 did everything from making maps and pine needle baskets to bandaging one poor Brownie till she looked like a mummy. Troop 2 showed themselves efficient in knot-tying, laundry, drawing, first-aid and other things for which merit badges are awarded. After the window shows were over the girls and their leaders had a fine Hallowe'en party at the Girl Scout House.

Carmel leaders and committee members have made an active effort in raising funds for the Community Chest which helps to support the local organization.

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BROWNIE PACK STAGES HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Carmel Brownie packs, Nos. 1 and 4, celebrated the Hallowe'en week-end with a party at the Girl Scout House last Friday evening. Bobbing for apples, blindfold games and pinning the ear on the cat as well as food appropriate to the season made for some of the fun enjoyed by the group. Pack leaders who helped the youngsters in their party were Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, Mrs. Talbert Josselyn, Mrs. Frank Timmons, Mrs. Edward David, Mrs. George Moriarty and Mrs. M. Moller.

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VASIA ANIKEYEV OPENS SAN FRANCISCO STUDIO

Vasia Anikayev popped into town last Saturday night as a Hallowe'en surprise to his wife, Sybil, and son, Lyman. Vasia has established studios in San Francisco and is soaking up all the music he can get his hands on and giving out as much again to his pupils. He left Carmel again on Monday.

Virginia Views Latest Exhibit at Art Gallery on Her Stomach

Lying flat on my stomach on the benches in the Carmel Art Association Gallery (which is the only way I can look at any of the pictures from my evidently, to the hanging committee, above-the-average-height of five feet, seven and a half inches) I viewed the November juried show of oils, watercolors, pastels and charcoals, individually and with a surprising amount of good humor.

From my vantage point the sea and island and small strange house of Alvin Beller's looked interesting. Such a relief from the dewdrop wetness of so many of the marines in my Gallery memory. A nice bit of New England occult haziness (Beller is now in Maine) lends an air of supernatural something or other and a great improvement over the very soft things which Beller was doing before he left. Speaking of wetness, I looked long again at one of my favorite paintings, "Watsonville Fields," by Homer Levinson. This painting is not only a pet of mine but also of a young man named Kenny Otto, whose taste in pictures I admire very much. Kenny chose this painting and one of Jim Fitzgerald's deep, dark, moody Carmel Valley hill scenes to hang in his particular room.

Stuck into the corner near the other two just mentioned are two paintings quietly (no, I'd better make that loudly) fighting with each other. One is a *SURREALIST* vibrato by Roberta Balfour and the other a neat *REALISTIC* bit of color photography by Richard Taggart. (Something fiendish about that hanging committee sometimes.) A little farther along I. Maynard Curtis dons rose-colored glasses and paints in the next pasture where the grass grows greener... much greener than hereabouts.

By spinning around a bit on my comfortable reviewing stand I was able to gaze with peace and comfort on a group of watercolors—conservative and the kind you could accept with real pleasure as a Christmas gift. The artists (excuse me if I bunch them) were Burton Bounded, Margaret Ingalls, Free Dean, Percy Gray and Leslie Wulff.

Ferdinand Burgdorff's landscape and cloud effect are contemporary with the Mazda Lamp series though Parrish did a much better job. Paul Whitman's fishermen in black and white is an excitingly masterful piece of work in the medium. Edda M. Heath contributes a delightful bit of yellowness in her "Harvest Time." "Desert Poppies" by Laura Maxwell is a bright bit of color in a rather quiet composition.

William Ritschel has shown himself again as a masterful painter in "Stampede" even if that bit of white in the right hand upper corner is a bit of trickery. The Armin Hansen next to it is very lovely... a deep emotional content can be found in most Hansen paintings.

Right up against a flat adobe wall I would put the John O'Shea canvas, Monterey pink frame and all. All the bright colors of the Grand Canyon are vividly interpreted and understandably played against each other. Charles Orson

Horton is another painter whose colors are pleasing and one of the few contemporaries who can use the broken-color method of painting to my satisfaction. Thomas McGlynn spoils a better-than-usual canvas by getting smudgy which takes a wicked toll on his light colors. The DeNeale Morgan cypress is very nice (but where have I seen that before).

A portrait of his wife by Howard Smith, new member of the association, is a portrait of a very charming lady no doubt, but having seen that gentleman's portfolio I am keen to see some of his paintings of our four-footed friends. I laughed and laughed when I saw Bill Irwin's pinky yellowy hills. They are beautifully painted and the trees make an excellent design motif but they are the most spankable, butter-fed hills I have seen on a canvas. They are hills by San Juan on a canvas and hills by San Juan always make me laugh.

Still laughing I wandered out of the Gallery on Dolores street passing by the painting of the "Venetian Lion" by Charlotte Morgan and the unfinished portrait sketch by R. A. Coote. It was a lovely afternoon. Next time I am going to borrow some cushions from Janie Otto, who is curator there. Then I will sit on the floor and enjoy myself some more from my (evidently to the hanging committee) above-the-average-height of five feet, seven and a half inches.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

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ALLEN GRIFFIN TO TALK TO BUSINESS MEN

Allen Griffin, editor and publisher of the *Peninsula Herald*, will be the speaker at the dinner meeting of the Carmel Business Association at Pine Inn Friday evening, November 12. Griffin will talk about something of interest to Carmel businessmen. Perhaps he'll tell them how to find out what a newspaper's circulation is when the newspaper persists in romancing about it.

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LYNDA SARGENT HOSTESS TO AFTER-PLAY PARTY

Dividing the earlier part of the evening between "Topper" at the Carmel Theatre and "By Candlelight" at the Golden Bough Green Room last Saturday night, a congenial group met "after the show" at Lynda Sargent's for some small talk and a goodly proportioned "snack." Representatives of four of the Peninsula newspapers traded stories back and forth with much glee and gusto. Those present were Clay and Janie Otto, Dan and Rosalie James, Bill and Eleanor Irwin, Remo and Virginia Scardigli, Amelie Waldo, Ben Schafer and Bill Kneass. Thomas, the cat, was also present.

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SEVENTH AND DOLORES
CARMEL

Legion Turkey Shoot Most Successful Affair Yet—Except for Major Kneass

Only Major Kneass has mixed reactions to the success of the turkey shoot and barbecue staged by the Carmel Post of the American Legion at the Point Lobos Dairy last Sunday.

Major Kneass lost a bet. It was not only that he lost it, but the short, snappy way he lost it. He had bet that the bullseye in the long range shooting would not be hit within the first 25 tries. So, up walks Lloyd Lemon, owner of the Pet Shop in Monterey, picks up the first gun of the day, fires the first shot of the day and—bingo, smash goes the 7-inch plate which stood as the bullseye. The distance was 240 yards and it was a good shot. Even Major Kneass admits that.

Lemon walked away with a turkey as a result of his aim. He was one of 140 persons who last Sunday walked away from that turkey shoot with turkeys.

It was a most successful shoot, long range, traps and everything. It is estimated that during the afternoon more than 1500 persons entered the grounds. It was also a

perfect site for the affair, a beautiful, breath-taking site, to tell the truth—with the Santa Lucias behind it, the sea at its feet. Through the courtesy of Tom Riley of the Point Lobos Dairy was it made available to the Legion.

Commander M. J. Peterson, unimpeachably aided by Kelly Clark and Bill Kneass, the junior, made the shoot the great success it was, and Paul Flanders, ably aided and abetted by Bill Froli, Herb Brownell and Bill Muscatt, produced a barbecue which is said to have been tops in barbecue history hereabout.

Carl Tarr, state shoot champion of the American Legion, had charge of the long range shooting, and Paul Whitman, By Ford and Bud Crossman operated the trap shooting range.

No one made 25 straight in the trap shooting, but Col. O. M. Ford and Al Elasho tied for first place with 24 birdies out of a possible 25 each.

+

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Modern Store for Men

The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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THE CYMBAL COMPANY

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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November 5, 1937

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Palace Drug Co., Monterey,
McKay's Newsstand, Monterey,
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove,

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CARMEL
CYMBAL for the past six
months:

April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760
September	717

The September average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CYM-
BAL of 535 in the Carmel area
(Carmel, Carmel Highlands and
Pebble Beach) is far in excess of
that of any other Carmel news-
paper.

P-T.A. To Give Program On Recreation

The November meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association of Sunset School Tuesday, November 9, at 3 o'clock in the Library, will present a panel-program dealing with the topic of "Recreation." Two pupils from the Eighth grade, a boy and a girl, will tell what the school has to offer in the way of recreation; a representative of the Boy Scouts and one from the Girl Scouts will give their program; Hope Thomas will review the activities of the pre-school child and a member of the Park Commission will tell of the recreational opportunities in Carmel.

The Annual P.T.A. Food Sale, which will be under the supervision of Mrs. Louis Levinson, will be a week from Saturday. Plans are now being formulated in an effort to make this event a very successful one.

+ + +

WAYNE WALKER GIVES HIS LAST LECTURE MONDAY

The Voice of Healing of Tucson, Arizona, announced today that their founder and leader, Dr. Wayne Walker, would be presented in his last lecture in Carmel for the season Monday, November 8 at 8 p.m. The lecture "How to Remain Young Indefinitely" will be held at Pine Inn and there is a charge of \$2.50. Dr. Walker, who leaves Carmel for a Canadian lecture tour, has become known on the continent as the "Master of Eternal Youth" and will give in his Carmel lecture the latest findings of science regarding longevity.

A Private Letter to Hard-Headed Business Men of Carmel About Weasels, Dead Carps and Just Plain Ordinary Liars

To the Hard-Headed Business
Men of Carmel:

The phraseology of this salutation is lifted bodily from last week's Pine Cone. It appeared in a long editorial in which you were treated much nicer than I was. I was called a weasel. Apparently I'm not getting along so well with other Carmel newspapers. Apparently they don't like me—much. Not so long ago another of them called me a dead carp. It would be nice if these two editors would get together about me. It doesn't bother me much, but naturally my wife would like to know definitely whether I'm a dead carp or a weasel. You can't blame her. Any man's wife would naturally be interested in a thing like that. There's a deal of difference between a weasel (apparently alive—at least, they didn't say dead) and a carp, either dead or alive. I have suggested that she get Thelma Miller and Palmer Beaudette together and have them put their cards on the table. The one with the highest spade could name me, and my wife could take it or leave it. It doesn't matter much to me whether I'm a weasel or a dead carp, but as I say, naturally my wife—

But to get back to your hard-headedness. The adjective was used, but it looks to me as though it were a matter of rhetoric only. Actually the Pine Cone editorial tried to make you out a bunch of soft-headed nuts.

For instance, you would be soft-headed, you know, if you swallowed some of the statements in this Pine Cone editorial.

Take, for example, this one:

"The Pine Cone circulation in Carmel and its environs is considerably more than either 500, 550 or 600."

Now, if the word "circulation" in that sentence means "paid circulation," that is, paid subscriptions and sales on newsstands and on the street, and if it means paid circulation of any one regular issue of the Pine Cone—I say, if that statement means those things, that statement is a deliberate lie, and you would be soft-headed to believe it. In fact, the Pine Cone has an idea that you will believe it and therefore the Pine Cone, while calling you "hard-headed," considers you actually soft-headed.

For instance, say you are making up your books at the end of the day. You ask your trusted clerk what the total sales have been. Your clerk, wrapping a head of lettuce, turns to you and irritably remarks, "Oh, more than 500 dollars." You set your fountain pen and write down in your book: "Receipts, November 5, 1937, more than 500 dollars." Soft-headed? Soft-headed nothing, you're just a plain imbecile.

Well, that's what the Pine Cone is asking you to do in regard to its circulation in Carmel "and environs," as it puts it. That is what it has been doing for the past 22 years. Even Carmel's editor emeritus did it some eleven years ago until one day I picked up on the floor of the post office on Dolores street the postmaster's receipt for Pine Cones received the previous day.

Now, as a matter of fact, the Pine Cone's total paid circulation, week by week, in Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach does not average 425 papers. It averages, in fact, just about 418 papers and herewith I proceed to prove it to you.

You remember a few months

ago my little story about the "two silly holes in Mr. Ewig's galvanized iron wall" in the rear of the post office? You remember how I told you that the Pine Cone refused to permit me to use their hole for depositing my bundles of CYMBALS when it was too late to get them into the post office at night? You remember that I told you that I had to cut a hole alongside the Pine Cone's hole? The Pine Cone would not let me use their hole because if I did I could see the pile of Pine Cones after delivery to the post office and having eyes and a reasonable sense of calculation and measurement, could know how many Pine Cones went in there. You remember I said that I had no objection to the Pine Cone counting CYMBALS and I pointed out that now, with my hole alongside the Pine Cone's hole, I could count Pine Cones just as easily and that the Pine Cone could count CYMBALS? In fact, I said then, and I repeat now, that I would welcome the Pine Cone counting CYMBALS, counting them with their fingers and printing the total count in their paper.

Since then I have been putting my piles of CYMBALS in that hole regularly, every Thursday night, right on the floor beside where the Pine Cones would stack up if the Pine Cones were put in their hole.

But since that story in the CYMBAL about the two holes, the Pine Cone has not once used its hole. Not once has it dared to put its stack of Pine Cones in there alongside the CYMBALS. And why do you suppose it hasn't? Because I could look at them and with my eye alone count them within ten of accuracy.

Now, if the Pine Cone had a Carmel "and environs" circulation of "more than either 500, 550 or 600," as it tries to make you believe, would it care if I counted them in view of the fact that I don't claim to have more than 537 (last month's count) in the Carmel area?

It would not. It would be glad. Glad, for instance, as I am glad to have them see the piles of CYMBALS and count them.

The truth is that three months ago the Pine Cone put into the Carmel post office for distribution to Carmel area paid subscribers between 175 and 180 papers. They haven't let me get a glimpse of that pile very close to since I last put my eyes on them, but figuring a normal subscription growth I'll be liberal and give them 190 papers to paid subscribers in the Carmel area.

As against these 190 paid subscribers in Carmel of the Pine Cone, the CYMBAL placed in the Carmel post office last week exactly 359 papers for paid subscribers.

Now, to continue the paid circulation figures farther:

The CYMBAL for the past month has sold an average of 128 papers a week on the newsstands. This is almost exactly the total sold by the Pine Cone. How do I know? Easy. During the last month the boy who

distributes the Pine Cones to the newsstands and collects for the previous week's sales has been in the three largest places—Wine Shop, El Fumador and Slevin's—the same time I have. That is, that over the four weeks I have met him in each of these places. We tell the clerks how much money we want. For instance, 88 cents, or 65 cents, or 48 cents as the figure may be. I hear him and he hears me. Even anyone as dumb as I am can figure that out. The Pine Cone and CYMBAL run neck and neck each week on the newsstands.

Now, as for street sales, they beat us. They sell about twice as many papers on the streets each week as we do. They have more children selling them and many of those children have been selling them for years and have regular customers. We have been averaging 50 papers sold on the streets for the past month. The Pine Cone has sold about 100.

So, here's your paid circulation of the Pine Cone in the Carmel area:

Paid subscribers.....	190
Newsstand sales.....	128
Street sales.....	100

Total Pine Cone.....418

And here is THE CYMBAL paid circulation for the Carmel area:

Paid subscribers.....	359
Newsstand sales.....	128
Street sales.....	50

Total THE CYMBAL.....537

Now, the Pine Cone says "We don't know what the CYMBAL circulation is and we don't care."

As for its not knowing, we can fix that for the Pine Cone. We extend this invitation to any of its owners, publishers, editors, subscribers, advertisers, office help or street salesmen, that they or any of them may call at THE CYMBAL office and we will turn over to them our subscription stencils, newsstand and newsboy receipt books, our telephone for verification purposes, and leave them sole alone in THE CYMBAL office, even with the petty cash drawer unlocked.

The Pine Cone says: "With the Carmel Californian and the Carmel CYMBAL both claiming the 'largest circulation' we have felt no temptation to step into their little argument."

But how about the claims of Mr. Allen Griffin of the Peninsula Herald? It was his guffaw at the Pine Cone's ridiculous circulation claims that brought forth the Pine Cone's pitiful reply. The Pine Cone says "we like and respect" Mr. Griffin

and the Herald people. I might remark that it doesn't show much respect for a man to think he'll swallow such general and unfounded circulation figures as the Pine Cone flings back at Mr. Griffin. Griffin has extended to the Pine Cone the same offer we have—to come in and investigate his circulation figures.

The Pine Cone makes no such offer. It doesn't make such an offer to you "hard-headed business men." It simply hands you a sweeping statement that is as false today as it has ever been in the history of the Pine Cone. In accepting it, you are not proving yourselves hard-headed, but soft-headed.

The Pine Cone's claim of a Carmel paid circulation of "more than either 500, 550 or 600" is a deliberate lie.

Why don't you ask the Pine Cone where it gets it, and make it prove it? You're buying that circulation, you know. Why not find out just what you are buying?

And if the Pine Cone won't offer to prove it, as I'm certain it won't, why not play a little game some coming Friday morning between 8:30 and 9 o'clock. Walk down the aisle of post office boxes and peek through the glass in the boxes. Count the snow-white CYMBALS you see, and count the cream-colored Pine Cones you see.

We did that with one Carmel merchant last week and he was surprised no end. —W. K. BASSETT

+ + +

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

CARMEL THEATRE

TELEPHONE CARMEL 282

Friday • November 5

Kay Francis, Ian Hunter in
CONFESSION
Cedric Hardwicke, Anna Lee in
King Solomon's Mines

Saturday • November 6

Kenny Baker, Jane Wyman in
**MR. DODD TAKES
THE AIR**
Jane Withers, Walter Brennan in
Wild and Woolly

Sun., Mon., Tues • Nov. 7, 8, 9

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NIGHTLY MUSIC

Wednesday • November 10

Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo in
VIVA VILLA
(Re-issue)
Also Ten-O-Win

Thurs., Friday • November 11, 12

Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor in
**MAGNIFICENT
OBSESSION**
(Re-issue)

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you like

THIS THING AND THAT

MY NEIGHBOR'S CAT GOES A-VISITING

My neighbor's young cat came to visit me a few evenings ago. He traveled silkily up my steep steps as though he knew precisely what he was about. Although I had expected no caller, he approached with a simple determination that left no choice except to don my suavest manners and go out to receive him before his four dainty paws touched the topmost step.

How do you do, said I; nice weather we're having.

Such banalities were clearly beneath the young cat's notice. He replied by no more than a whisker-twitch. Holding his tail at exactly the correct angle for afternoon calling, he flattened his already streamlined body just enough to slither gracefully through the scant three inches between the door-jamb and the door to my modest apartment.

Once inside, he uttered an excruciatingly polite *MRrrrrrrr!* low and refined. I felt emboldened to mention the weather again. He turned upon me an entrancing expression of impersonal goodwill, whereupon I dared to offer a pillow and respectful remarks about the beauty of his fall coat. He crooned approval and almost intimately rubbed sleek sides against my own smooth-stockinged legs.

An hour or more passed pleasantly by. The sunshine paled on my red carpet, and the heavy pine-bough outside the rounded southern window cast blacker shadows.

I saw that the young cat's idea was to make a night of it. Ignorant of his home address and still humbled by his aristocratic bearing, I issued a cordial invitation to stay the night. I proffered appropriate strokings and consecutive saucers of milk.

Came time to sleep, and I prepared a royal guest-chamber handsomely situated by the P.G. & E's ever-burning pilot light in the lower levels of the automatic heater. This done I clambered with mere human ungrace into my own bed.

But the young cat let forth a low, soft cry. It struck a courteous mean between plaint and reprimand and appalled me at my own rudeness.

I opened the door to my sleeping-chamber. Abjectly I atoned by rearing a towering structure of crimson cushions upon a white chair at my very bedside.

He would have none of it; he must bound lithely upon my nether shoulder and settle into a prickly warm mass hard by my adjacent ear. There digging rhythmic claws into the fastnesses of my best crocheted afghan, he atrociously burbled and brumbled to himself.

This was almost more than I could stand.

I, too, was tired. I could not relax. My eyes were wide and staring; no purring mechanism was provided in me by a kind Lord to offset the basso of my guest.

Heroically, I recalled some nonsense about a cat nap, and by stiff self-control and repetition of the nonsense, I fell into one. A furious tickling brought me wide awake. It was the young cat's whiskers.

Yet still I was kind. I dislodged the furry dynamo with gentlest care. Apologizing, I transferred him to the pile of cushions by my side.

The cat came back, I shoved him rudely from the bed. Firmly, with no apology. He came back. I heaved my own frame so abruptly that he hurtled to the floor with an uncathlike thud.

I stretched freely, in great relief

at his absence. But I could not sleep. Guilt had me by the throat. The young cat's feelings must be hurt. . . . Somewhere he was suffering as one suffers when a friend is untrue.

I forgot my own comfort, rose, found the light, looked for the sad little creature to soothe. . . . I found him blandly drinking from the saucer of milk. . . . No leverage had I on his emotions. Unconcerned he was, obviously thinking nothing of it.

Unequivocally I showed my guest to his solitary couch out by the P. G. & E's vigil light. Sternly I shut and bolted my door.

The next morning my neighbor's voice awakened me calling, kitty, kitty. Again I watched him travel silkily down the steps. His superb carriage left me unabashed, and I did not ask him to call again.

—EDITH FRISBIE

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Last Friday afternoon the pupils in Bernice Riley's room gave themselves an extra special party to celebrate both Halloween and the final culmination of the Dairy project which they have been working on in the class room. Under the guidance of Marymartha French, cadet teacher from San Jose State College, these first and second graders have earned all the ins and outs of the Dairy Industry. They built themselves a nice red barn with stalls and real hay and drew pictures of cows, and to top everything they took some real cow's milk and made ice cream in a freezer in the room. From A to Zed in the dairy business.

Armistice Day, November 11, is a holiday at Sunset. On Wednesday, the day before, the pupils of the Sixth grade under R. J. Gale will present a symbolic play "Candles of Remembrance" at School Assembly. Parents are invited to attend.

Miss Florence Morrow, health supervisor, reports an excellent health record for the month of October at the school. An average of 94 children are now taking the mid-morning lunch.

The meeting of the Board of Trustees for Sunset District which was scheduled for this week was postponed and will be held Tuesday morning, November 9, at 10:30 o'clock.

FRIDAY NIGHT CLUB GETS FINE START

A group of pleasure-seekers in a terpsichorean frame of mind attended the opening dance of the Friday Night Club last Friday at Merrill Hall in Asilomar. Mrs. Miriam Watson, hostess and general looker-after-things at the dance, was well pleased with the response to the first of these weekly dances. Among those attending were Marian Adams, Herbert Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bade, Roy Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Canoles, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Down, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Durney, Gordon Ewig, Mr. and Mrs. Charles French, Andrew Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Tice, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Messinger, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Paulsen Visel and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wormley.

Life Classes Are Started This Week

Two new adult education classes started this week at the Monterey Union High School which should be of great interest to Carmel. Life classes for artists and would-be artists opened Tuesday evening under the supervision of Burton Boundey, well known Peninsula artist and member of the board of directors of the Carmel Art Association. The classes are held every Tuesday and Thursday evenings in the new art room at the High School. A model is provided and those attending are asked to bring their own drawing materials.

The other course is in child psychology and is presented by Mrs. Grace T. Woodruff, who has been a lecturer and teacher in her field and was formerly supervisor of psychological research in Sonoma County Schools. She is a graduate of Chapman College and received her M.A. from Boston University.

The first meeting was held last night in the High School. The study will begin with the child from 9 to 12 years and will go into adolescent development. Classes will be every Thursday night at 7:15 o'clock.

Miss Ling Gives Colorful Talk

A parade of lovely old Chinese costumes with their wearers acting out the ceremonial tea drinking and blessing of the prospective bride in the Chinese household, the reading of some of her own poems in translation and the original Chinese and some mournful bird-like notes on an Oriental lute, were only a part of the program presented by Miss Ling Fu Yang before the monthly meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club last Monday afternoon.

Miss Ling, an ardent champion of the peaceful arts, is an artist herself and exhibited her talent by creating a very lovely watercolor of "The Five Sons" (two peonies with five buds) before the group. Ranged about the room of the dining hall at Pine Inn were other examples of her work, mostly copies of originals which were (or are) in the Winter Palace in Peking. (The objects in the Palace have been confiscated by the Japanese.) Of her own design was a painting of the Living Empress done a few years ago. Outstanding in the whole group, which were notable for their fine handling of intricate detail, was one of the Empress Dowager, a beautifully moulded face with great peace and dignity.

The purpose of the lecture, which was to raise money for the Chinese war refugees, by the sale of Miss Ling's poetry and paintings, was made a bit too obvious for a full enjoyment of the program.

Miss Ling as a person has done much for the development of modern democratic art activity in China. Through her own funds she established a Fine Arts College for the purpose of giving art instruction to teachers and she was appointed curator of the National Art

Gallery by the Chinese government. The recent hostilities in the Far East began while she was on a lecture and self-instruction tour of this country and have made it impossible for her to return. Miss Ling was invited to join the summer session staff at the University of California at Berkeley and has made Berkeley her headquarters.

Stressing the educational features of the Federal Music Project in the Bay Region, the WPA has announced a series of concerts for the High Schools and Junior High Schools in San Francisco. The Federal Symphony, under the direction of Ben Bauer, has booked concerts well into the Spring term. In addition to the playing of symphonic works, Bauer will explain different elements in making music and describe the functions of various instruments to the students.

Another feature of the Federal Project program for the winter season is a series of concerts for young artists who desire a public appearance and are unable to obtain outside sponsorship. These concerts will be held at 960 Bush street. Applicants will be judged by an audition committee.

Harvey A. Russell, owner of the Adobe Ranch at Madera and who "ran" the Moore ranch up the Carmel Valley not many years ago, has again leased the Moore ranch and will operate it.

Connie Clappett was hostess at a Marionette Theater party at John and Mitzi's last Saturday evening. The party was in honor of her daughter, Cornelia Bell, and 12 of Cornelia's friends were there to wish her a "happy birthday." Mrs. George Hopps assisted the hostess.

Mrs. Peter Rice was hostess to a group of friends who gathered at her home in Pebble Beach last Friday for a surprise shower in honor of Mrs. Herbert McGuckin.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

Whether it was a laudable desire to learn more about culinary matters or an equally laudable hope to draw one of numerous merchandise prizes, the Pacific Grove Theatre was filled to the brim for the first day of the cooking school conducted by the *Peninsula Herald* last week. We got there a bit late but Lynda's quick eye lighted promptly on two vacant seats in the very front row and we hurried down the aisle to grab them. If there's one kind of entertainment you like to get close to, it's a cooking lesson. Still, perhaps you subject yourself to extra nervous strain by seeing too much. We worried considerably over Miss La Marr's rings, which we could see only too plainly, and it wasn't until she got to rolling pie crust that she shed them and we were able to relax. Up till then she had been doing things with the tips of her fingers, and what kind of a way is that for an honest-to-goodness cook!

There were two big Magic Chef gas ranges on the stage, an enormous Kelvinator, a kitchen cabinet and some enameled kitchen work tables. On and in and around stood packages and tins and bags of nationally and locally advertised foods and ingredients. Whenever Miss La Marr added something to her mixing bowl she said, "Now we put in a cup of Globe A-1 flour" or a cup of "Mission milk"—not just a cup of any old flour or a cup of any old milk! Brand names for everything were clearly and conscientiously pronounced each time and it seemed to us that Miss La Marr was doing noble by her advertisers. To say nothing of the local merchants who provided the foods and lent the furniture. The only thing she forgot to mention by name was the salt, but I believe I can fill in that omission because I could plainly see the blue carton—it was Morton's.

Miss La Marr chatted along gaily as she worked and got a lot of different things all going at once, explaining recipes, commenting on the weather, praising the local "newspaper boys" for their help, joshing the P.G. & E. ditto who were fixing one of the gas ranges so it would work, and very successfully being the life of the party. At the same time she was human enough to be distracted by having to divide her attention between the various men popping in and out of the wings and the business of getting her pies into the right temperature oven. You know what it's like when one of your men folks comes into the kitchen ten minutes before dinner is ready and begins: "Say, listen to this!" and then doesn't understand why you aren't as interested as he thinks you should be. Well, Miss La Marr got a beautiful big pumpkin pie all in the oven before she remembered she had not put in any sugar! She stopped long enough to reproach the ladies at the other end of the front row—not ours!—for not telling her what she was doing, and then briskly remedied the defect by taking the pie out and adding the necessary sugar. The pie wasn't done when school was over so I can't tell you how it turned out.

Miss La Marr's first dish was a complete dinner concoction: meat balls browned in olive oil, to which were then added chopped onion, green pepper, seasoning, mushroom sauce, uncooked noodles, a can of tomatoes and hot water. It sounded good and looked easy to make.

Then there were two pies, apple and pumpkin, the crust for which Miss La Marr turned out in almost no time. One of her suggestions was new to us—sprinkling dry bread crumbs in the bottom of the pie shell before putting in the apples. She said this took up the moisture and kept the undercrust from becoming soggy. Rocky Road candy, chocolate ice cream and pineapple fritters were also tossed off in Miss La Marr's casual but competent manner.

A style show of three evening gowns from Holman's, paraded across the stage by three attractive young things, reminded one that after all there are other spheres in life for feminine endeavor besides the kitchen.

Toward the end of the lesson one of the newspaper "boys" took charge of distributing the prizes, with the help of a little girl from the front row whom he inveigled onto the stage to draw the numbers. The little girl didn't hesitate about climbing up into the limelight, but she felt the responsibility of her job and each time she stared gravely into the box and scanned all the visible numbers before finally deciding which ticket to draw.

Lynda and I sat clutching our stubs hopefully and read our numbers feverishly each time a draw was made, but alas, it was not our lucky day. We could only sit and watch enviously while others gleefully received bags of groceries, huge sacks of Globe A-1 flour, pounds of coffee and tea, and numerous other articles, including the various finished products which Miss La Marr had created. These latter she trustfully handed over in the aluminum and glass containers in which they had been made, merely requesting the lucky ladies to return them before the next day's cooking school.

"Hot Popovers, as Many as You Want . . . are served with each lunch or entree here," begins one of those little shopping-note ads in the *Sunday Chronicle*. If you're like me and never get quite as many popovers as you think you could eat you'll probably feel the pull on your appetite in this. It goes on: "Delicious specialties that include crab Louis, superb dressing and gravies, luscious salads and dessert with lunches from 35¢ and dinners from 50¢ at 127 Grand Ave. Magic Cupboard Tearoom." Makes your mouth water! I'm saving the clipping and praying that the Magic Cupboard will continue to flourish until 1939 and that popovers will still be served as lavishly at that time as the ad promises. Because even if we don't get to the city before then, we'll make it when the Exposition is on, by gum—try to stop us.

A can of salmon, if we can believe the national advertising, has as many virtues as that extremely virtuous new vegetable, the chay-

ote. Beside being "one of our finest protein foods" salmon gives you calcium and phosphorus, vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, vitamins A and G, and iodine! To which most of us would willingly add that salmon tastes good.

Of course, fresh salmon doesn't need any fanfares, but when you can't conveniently get it that way, there's a lot you can do with the canned variety to take its place. For instance, if you like scalloped oysters—and it happens to be a month without an R or it happens to be a day when you want to keep down the food budget—try scalloped salmon. I made this up myself and when it turned out that every one in the family really liked it, did I feel smug! Put a layer of cracker crumbs in the bottom of a buttered casserole; then a layer of flaked salmon and another layer of crumbs, with salt and pepper, bits of butter and the liquid from the can of salmon. Then the rest of the salmon and a final layer of crumbs, seasoned. Finally, you pour in a whole can of Heinz Cream of Celery soup, mixing it in thoroughly, without disturbing the salmon-and-crumbs arrangement any more than you can help—and then bake in a fairly hot oven about twenty minutes or so. It won't hurt it to bake longer in case someone is late for dinner but it shouldn't get too dry. And boy, is it good! . . . By the way, the pink salmon, which costs about half what the red does, is exactly as good and good-for-you. Seems that the only reason the red costs more is because there's so much more demand for it—people like the color better. I have this on the authority of several merchants who know all about salmon.

When a restaurant serves its rolls hot and crisp and its salad cold and crisp, you can generally count on the rest of the food being up to a superior standard.

—CONSTANT EATER
+ + +

'SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE' AT CARMEL THEATRE

"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and a host of other lovely Victor Herbert melodies will be sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the film version of "Naughty Marietta" which will play at the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. The picture is a re-issue which means that many who did not have an opportunity of seeing it before may take advantage of the present showing, and many will wish to see it again. Jeanette MacDonald plays the part of a French girl who ships to the States as a bondswoman, and Nelson Eddy is a handsome young officer. The costumes and settings are elaborate and the lilt of a typical Herbert operetta is kept throughout.

Included in the cast are Frank Morgan and Elsa Lanchester. W. S. Van Dyke is responsible for the direction.

+ + +

Noel Sullivan presented a group of songs in an interesting and versatile program before the Carmel Musical Arts Club last Tuesday evening at the McGowan-Van Ess home in the Country Club. Elizabeth Alexander accompanied Sullivan at the piano.

COUNCIL FIGHTS TO KEEP SADE FROM GETTING LICENSE NEXT TO CHURCH

(Continued from Page One)

siderable discussion by the members of the council and several citizens in the lobby. It seemed to be the consensus in the council chamber that Carmel had been treated pretty roughly by the State Board of Equalization and that no steps should be overlooked to acquaint the board with this existing state of mind.

City Attorney-Hudson was not certain just what procedure would be the most effective at the present time, but he gave Chief of Police Robert Norton the opinion that he could, under the provisions of the zoning ordinance, refuse to grant Mrs. Latham a permit to open for business on Lincoln street. After the council meeting, Norton told THE CYMBAL that he would refuse the permit until instructed to issue it by the council.

During the discussion at the council meeting it was brought out that if the protests of the council as well as that of the property owners in the district affected and of the Community Church, in addition to scores of personal letters sent to the state board, to say nothing of the adverse recommendation of its own referee, are of no effect, there is nothing to indicate that the city has anything to say about the granting of liquor licenses within its boundaries. The opinion was expressed that if the Board of Equalization took such a high-handed action in this case, and against such concerted opposition, there

was nothing to stop it granting Tom, Dick and Harry, or Grace, Helen and Geraldine a liquor license and anywhere they wanted it.

+ + +

Just to add to the week-end festivities, Eleanor Hart gave a supper followed by a Scavenger Hunt last Saturday night. The birds of prey who started from the Hunt home on Torres and Second were Ann Whitman, Lillian Olm, Emma Ann Wishart, Colden Whitman, Donald Barry, Orville Jones and Dick Williams.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

WARNING!

To all dogs, both great and small. Beware of picking up tempting looking tid-bits in the yard or on the street because some despicable human is doing what no dog would do, putting out poisoned morsels of food.

Poor little Flash Bardarson is the latest victim of the contemptible dog-poisoner. He came home Tuesday morning very ill, and had convulsions that were plainly the result of strychnine poison. His owner, O. W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, immediately gave him medical aid. Flash is a little better now and the Bardarson family hopes to nurse him back to health.

Big, black Nig Stanley, facetiously called "Baby," Carmel's favorite playboy, is basking in the lime-light these days and loving it. Ever since his dramatic "capture" and impoundment several days ago Nig has been the center of interest. He was released through the efforts of his many friends and is back again in his old haunts. He is quite the hero of the day and is trotting about the village telling all of his friends (he knows everyone) about his experiences. He says he hasn't had so much excitement since he was a young blade.

Friends of Wiskey Macbeth will be pleased to hear that he is on the road to recovery. Wiskey has been very ill with pneumonia but, thanks to the loving care of Mr. and Mrs. George Macbeth and the bedside vigilance of his young master, Scotty, he will be all right again in a few days, but he says he still feels a bit shaky.

We happened to be at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles last week and whom should we see but former-villager Heidi Lockwood. The young lady, looking as charming as ever, was there with her mistress, Mrs. Florence Lockwood, who was exhibiting some of her portraits. Heidi said she plans to visit Carmel in a few weeks because she misses all of her old friends so much that she wants to see them again—especially Dachsie Sparks.

DO YOU WANT TO BE OUR FIRE ENGINE DRIVER, JUNIOR GRADE?

If you have an idea that you would make a good fire engine driver, junior grade, and feel you are competent to hold such a job, there is one open in Carmel and you are invited to put in your application for it. Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire and water, suggests that you call at the city clerk's office and look over Resolution No. 670 which will provide you with the proper form for your application. The job pays \$120 a month.

You Should Not Miss Camera Club Show

You shouldn't miss the print exhibit of the Carmel Camera Club at Johan Hagemeyer's studio. If you haven't yet seen it drop up this afternoon between 2 and 5 o'clock. You'll be surprised and more than pleased. There's some definitely fine work there.

I particularly liked Horace D. Lyon's "In Jeffers' Country," that gigantic, dominating, threatening mountain above the humble, helpless barn in the foreground. And his mesembryanthemum in the sand was another quite different, but fascinating, tapestry-limned print.

Lloyd Weer looks as though he were going to town in this camera stuff. His "Glassware" is a perfect example of artistic and commercial photography. The one of his I liked best is that of the puffy clouds above the Fish ranch, I think it is, but the etching effect in his four men on a telephone pole had me stopped for a while.

Other fine prints are Dr. Kocher's "Sycamore," R. H. Laney's squinting boy, T. Mathews' dilapidated barn and Peter Burk's "Tranquillity" and "Reverie."

It's a darned good show, small, but darned good. —W. K. B.

MRS. HARTIGAN RECEIVES APPOINTMENT AS FIRST THEATER CUSTODIAN

Mrs. Isabel Hartigan, already known to hundreds who have visited the First Theater in Monterey, received her official civil service appointment as custodian of the state historical building last Tuesday. Mrs. Hartigan came to the First Theater in June just after Mrs. Laura Bride Powers, with whom she worked as an assistant for six years, gave up her position as curator of the Customs House, First Theater and Serra's Landing Place. Mrs. Hartigan has been very much interested in the progress of the old-time plays which have been revived at the Theater under Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous.

How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? \$1.

EL FUMADOR MAGAZINES NEWSPAPERS

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Personalities & Personals

Paul and Paula Dougherty are safely ensconced in their home in The Highlands by now. They arrived home Monday after Rhoda and Dick Johnson drove to Oakland to meet the train from New York. The Doughertys spent most of their time in France but managed to cover the continent pretty well in their four months' stay.

Mrs. Eda Kelsey of San Jose was guest over last week-end of her son, Ivan, and his family in Carmel. Also dropping in at the Kelsey home over the week-end was Walter Fischer of Berkeley, Ivan's uncle.

Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie, known in Carmel as Jean Ritchie in her operation of the Yarn Shop at Seventh and Dolores streets, has left Carmel to join her husband in Washington, D.C., for the winter. In her absence her sister, Miss Ida Knight, will be in charge at the Yarn Shop.

Music and dancing and a mid-

night snack served to heighten the enjoyment of a Hallowe'en Masque party given by Mrs. Ida Fleurer at Colonial Terrace last Saturday evening. Among the guests present were Dr. and Mrs. L. Gottlieb, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bonham, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wishart, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Speer, Mr. and Mrs. Frazier Hancock, the Al Staphonins, the Wade Etters, the C. J. Coskys, the Art Jones, Mrs. John Austin and Clarence Steinmetz.

The Frank Hattons' Carmel Valley home was the setting for a gay Hallowe'en barn dance last Saturday night, given by Natalie Hatton and her cousin, Harriet Hatton. About half a hundred young folk enjoyed themselves amid a rustic setting with corn husks and plenty of hot doughnuts and cider.

Mr. and Mrs. John Evans, who recently took the Stewart house on The Point, are welcoming a new addition to the family, a girl born last Saturday at the Peninsula Community Hospital. The youngest Evans stood an even chance of being born with a pen in her hand as both of her parents are writers.

Donna Ruth Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend, celebrated her ninth birthday last Sunday with a theater party at

the Carmel Theatre and a supper at the Townsend house afterward.

Dolores F. DeAmaral and Howard Reed were married in Reno last Monday. Reed is circulation manager of the Peninsula Herald. The couple will make their home in Carmel.

The Women's Auxiliary of All Saints Church have announced December 11 as the date for their annual cooked food and fancy work sale.

The Carmel unit of the American Legion Auxiliary will hold its regular November meeting November 9 at the Legion Hall. Mrs. Frances Hudgins, past president of the Carmel unit, will give an informal talk on her recent European trip at the evening meeting.

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Humane Society Gets Criticism

After we received the following letter, THE CYMBAL was advised by Guy Curtis, president of the Humane Society, that hereafter a net would be used by dog-catchers in the employ of the society. Curtis declares, however, that from evidence he can obtain from those who saw the incident, our big black baby was not actually hurt by his captors.

October 30, 1937

Humane Society,
Monterey County Division,
Pacific Grove, California.

Att. Mr. G. S. Curtis

Gentlemen:

We the undersigned wish to protest against the disgraceful and inhumane treatment accorded a dog (by your deputies) that is a resident of this City. The incident happened at the intersection of Dolores Street and Ocean Avenue at 9:50 o'clock this morning.

The dog in question, a large black dog of nondescript breed which answers to the name of Nigger, was apprehended by your deputies for not having a license and on purported complaints by people unknown. The purported complaints were that he chased automobiles and another was that a black dog (he is black) chased somebody in the neighborhood of Mission Street and Ocean Avenue. While we are in accord with the law about nuisance animals we are definitely opposed to the inhumane handling that this dog received at the hands of your deputies.

A dog with the rabies could not have possibly received worse treatment, and to add to this the dog in question is the pet of all the children in Carmel as well as adults on Ocean Avenue and the surrounding districts. There was absolutely no reason to lasso and apply the choke to the animal in the first place and even less excuse to drag a strangling animal half a block to the so-called S.P.C.A. ambulance. If this is humane treatment of animals then the dictionary is wrong and the Humane Society should come out in favor of Bull and Cock-Fighting.

Copies to: *The Carmel Pine Cone*, *The Carmel Cymbal*, *The Californian*, and *The Monterey Peninsula Herald*.

Signed: G. De Packh, R. P. Spencer, A. Wilson Clark, R. Chauvet, W. Irwin, Paul W. Day, Glen McEntire, Philip Wilson, Jr., Madeline Powers Ulman, R. H. Jones, J. F. Catherwood, K. S. Prewett, C. G. Moll.

+

Mrs. Mamie McKenzie, wife of Donald McKenzie of Carmel Valley, died last Saturday. Funeral services were held Tuesday in Salinas and the burial was in the Pajaro Valley Memorial Park. Besides her husband, Mrs. McKenzie leaves several children and grandchildren.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

While Monterey is getting down to business on its waterfront problems, Carmel is languorously drowsing along with beach problems of its own.

The two or three "comfort stations" on the beach and occasional stone steps down to the sands are about all Carmel has done about the beach, except trim the cypresses at a considerable cost.

Carmel, like Monterey, or perhaps more than Monterey, has the problem of what to do with the summer crowd. The merchants have clamored for more summer visitors, and a combination of circumstances have almost swept Carmel from the desirable all-year class it was in for several years into the summer-season colony class.

More and more we are having shops that are filled with bustling buyers in summer and then shut the doors in the winter, while their tent with our times, it is atavistic. More and more our village is filled with bigger and bigger houses which lie vacant nine months of the year.

Yet in the summer, when all our own residents who are also owners come to use their summer places, they are crowded out by the smaller fry, who, in our democratic order, are apt to crowd out the kind of people Carmel has always enjoyed, the kind who take time out now and then.

The "rest," the "riff-raff," the "tin can tourist" brings his noise, his pennies, and worst of all, his love of numbers. This last characteristic is the chief identification of the population that Carmel does not want, because any beach will do, so long as there are numbers. And to him the beauty of Carmel has nothing to offer.

This type may be the proletarian dream of the perfect man socialized to the point that he does not mind the other's filth, noise, smells and proximity. From certain philosophical points of view, this type is the perfect man. But who wants to be perfect, regardless as to the qualities requisite for perfection?

Now all this sounds like a kind of snobbery. It is. I am, in a fashion, ashamed of it, but the desire back of it is something not consistent with our times, it is atavistic, but still atavistic as are many of those qualities we are forced to admire in the human being: qualities which may not be "good" but are nonetheless admirable.

Carmel was in its heyday when only horses supplanted men's feet as a means of getting over Carmel Hill. It was still in its glory after the first streets were laid out. After the San Francisco earthquake and fire, it drew a lively crowd of colorful folk and enough grocers, plumbers, carpenters, stage drivers, liverymen, hotel men and odds and ends to be a perfect horse and wagon community, as perfect a one as could be imagined, back in the carefree days, carefree by comparison.

For then there was time. No man could walk more than so fast. Nor could the fastest steed gallop all the way between here and Monterey. There was no faster pace. People who today call Carmel a backwater should have seen it then.

It was a time when everybody knew everybody else. Each knew what the other's credit was good for, how honest he was. And mostly each was accorded a welcome comparable with his merits. The plumber was not The Plumber then.

He was Tom Reardon. The bus driver was not The Stage Driver, but Fred Wermuth. There wasn't a soul who didn't know Joe Hand.

And today—what have we? Why, when a desperado makes a getaway and Bobbie Norton and Roy Frates fire enough shots to make it sound like the Fourth of July, nobody on Ocean Avenue, as Winsor Josselyn so aptly pointed out last week, knew about it until they read the newspapers.

Golly! In the old days we'd have all been called out, we'd have been a posse, and we'd have combed the hills at least a week before we "took" the con.

And there would have been a lot of funny incidents, too. None of your modern cold, efficient police skirmishes.

Remember when the Japanese houseboy strangled the dear old lady who painted? Why that was romantic, tracks in the sand, a planted flower gardens over the grave, the posse held up at night by the Japanese boy, and the grand, final surrender.

Those were days when even a murderer had time to decorate the grave of his victim with a Japanese garden of flowers before leaving for the chaparral.

+

WOMEN VOTERS TO HEAR JACK BEAUMONT NOV. 17

The November calendar for the Monterey County League of Women Voters sets the monthly luncheon date at Wednesday, November 17. The program is under the "Government and Its Operation" section of the League. The speakers are Jack Beaumont, on "A Taxpayer Looks at His Bill," and Dr. John C. Sharpe, director of the County Health Department, on "Needs of an Expanding Health Program." Reservations for the luncheon may be made by calling Pine Inn or Emma Abel, Carmel 1423-J.

+

CIVIL SERVICE JOBS UNDER UNCLE SAM ARE OPEN

Civil Service jobs with Uncle Sammy include: Associate meteorologist at \$3,200 a year; assistant meteorologist at \$2,600 a year; Junior Medical Officer (rotating internship) at \$2,000 a year and Junior Medical Officer (psychiatric resident) at \$2,000 a year to go to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C.

Fred Strong at the Carmel Post Office can give full information to any interested parties.

+

NANCY COCKE VON SALTZA BACK IN CARMEL

Nancy's back. She and Carl Von Saltza, who has the honor to be her husband, returned this week from Ogunquit, Maine, and are domiciling themselves in the Tommy Hooper house at Twelfth and El Camino. It will be nice to see Nancy again occasionally on Ocean Avenue. She is good for the main stem. Carl, too, of course, but this is being written from the masculine viewpoint.

+

Ronald Soucey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Soucey of Carmel, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honor society, by the Alpha chapter at the University of California on October 25.

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Sanitary Board To Assess District For \$60,000 Disposal Plant

(Continued from Page One)

of direct assessment will produce a substantial savings in interest on bonds, as well as eliminate the cost of the bond election itself.

"Fourth: That the disposal system, estimated to cost between \$50,000 and \$60,000, divided over the district, will be so small a cost per lot that it should be handled on a cash basis, and thus become a clean, business-like transaction for the community.

"(Signed) CARMEL SANITARY BOARD, HUGH W. COMSTOCK, RANALD COCKBURN, FRANK S. TOWNSEND, JAMES B. MCCARTHY.

"November 4, 1937."

The "so-called island site" in the Carmel river is the property of Willis Walker and at the present writing is not available through direct purchase. It is expected that the sanitary board will have to acquire it through condemnation proceedings. It is a three-acre tract, a considerable distance towards the ocean from the San Simeon Highway where it crosses the river, and hidden both from the highway and from the beach at the mouth of the river.

The plan for the plant and the main line to it has been worked out by Clyde C. Kennedy, prominent sanitary engineer of San Francisco.

STEINBECKS PAY SHORT VISIT TO CARMEL

John Steinbeck and Louis Paul, fiction writer and frequent contributor to *Esquire*, stayed overnight last Monday with John's sister, Mrs. William Dekker, at her home in Carmel. The two pen-wielders stopped long enough to visit a few friends in Carmel and Pacific Grove before going on South. Mr. and Mrs. Paul recently moved to California from New York and have taken a house in Burlingame. Paul, who has always lived in a city, is trying to see if he can live away from one now. Burlingame is as far away as he has got. The Pauls and the Steinbecks spent quite a bit of time together in New York on the Steinbecks' recent visit.

+

Edward Weston, erstwhile Carmel photographer, spoke on the philosophy of "pure photography" at the San Jose State College yesterday. The lecture was under the sponsorship of the San Jose Chamber of Commerce, San Jose Camera Club, the college photography and art departments. The photography department at the school is under George Stone, close friend of Weston's. A four-day exhibit of Weston pictures at the college closes tomorrow.

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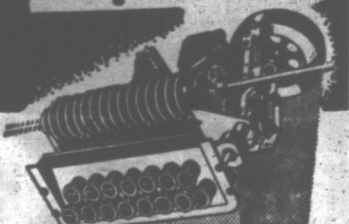
It provides for a trestle at one point over the river beginning back of the tennis courts at the Mission Ranch Club. This trestle will be hidden by trees and brush bordering the river. The disposal plant itself will be built in units, the first utilizing hardly a quarter of the available area of the island. It will be completely hidden from view from any point by the fringe of trees and brush around the border of the island.

Estimated cost of the project, permanently disposing of the Carmel sewage disposal problem, will mean an assessment of about \$15 a 40-foot lot throughout the sanitary district. This assessment will be the one and only charge against the property owners in the district.

During the next few weeks THE CYMBAL will endeavor to present a complete picture of the plan and its advantages through articles definitely describing every detail.

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Williams Fired from Fire Department By Determined City Council

(Continued from Page One)
last night a meeting at which individual members of the fire department were to express themselves pro and con in the matter of the semi-turmoil.

There was a meeting Tuesday night, also. At this one, Chief Leidig presented to the men a statement in which he offered to take a furlough as head of the department if Vincent Williams, AND his brother, Jimmie, would resign. This little offer was turned down by the firemen. Then the meeting for tonight was called for further discussion.

Vincent Williams, calling at Sadee's office yesterday morning for his final pay check from the city, declared to us that the request of Leidig for his discharge from the department was something sprung on him. He didn't think, either, that the other members of the department knew that the chief was going to request Williams' removal. It is probable that the firemen discussed this phase of the matter at the meeting last night, too late for THE CYMBAL to learn anything about it.

Chief Leidig's communication to the council praised the taxpayers for their generosity in providing equipment and a fire house for the fire department and ended with the following paragraphs:

"The Volunteer Fire Department cannot function harmoniously or operate efficiently if discord exists within its membership.

"At present such disharmony is being fomented by member Vincent Williams. I respectfully request that you remove him from the Carmel Fire Department."

Preceding Leidig's letter was the resolution in which the council expressed itself appreciative of past services rendered by the said Robert G. Leidig and confidence in his plans for the future development of the Fire Department."

The final action in the matter was the resolution firing Williams off the fire department. It gave no reasons for so doing. It merely said that "pursuant to, etc.," referring to Ordinance No. 47 adopted in 1922 and creating the volunteer fire department, the city council "hereby removes and discharges Vincent Williams as a member of the Volunteer Fire Department."

Should we turn to lesser things after this? We will.

A resolution was passed announcing the intention of the council to close Seventh street, between Guadalupe and Santa Rita streets. This is adjoining the Forest Theater property and results from a deal made with the Josselyn family that lets the city get part of the street and the Josselyns another part, leaving only a lane in between.

Elizabeth McClung White wrote a letter of complaint about storm waters ruining property of clients of hers on Carpenter street near Third street and also the fact that increased drainage is injuring her beach property west of San Antonio at Fourth street. She asked for relief there.

At the same time, Catharine and Jessie Colvin, owners of the adjoining MacKenzie property, have a plan for concreting the bottom of the ravine, down which the drainage flows, and offering to pay half the cost thereof. The matter was referred to the city attorney to determine if the city could enter into such an agreement.

Although it did not come up at the meeting, THE CYMBAL has been given to understand by Miss White that she does not favor this plan; that she does not want an open

drain such as the ravine would continue to be, because she wishes to build a road down the edge of her sand dune property from San Antonio to give garage entrance at the back of her lots. She wants an adequate covered conduit down the natural water drain, or ravine, and desires to build her road over it. But it is understood that the city wants her to pay her share of the cost of such a conduit and she won't do it.

E. A. H. Watson wrote about nineteen letters to the council (three, to be exact, after we counted them) about changing taxes due to any old time in the year, but just before Christmas, about the danger of the curbing sticking out almost into the middle of Monte Verde street at Ocean, and about the menace of the San Simeon highway in bringing a lot of undesirables into town. He didn't get very far on the tax business, although it may be investigated. On the Monte Verde curb menace there will probably be something done; the street department will look into it. On the San Simeon Highway thing, the council will probably suggest to the Monterey chamber of commerce that it put its name in the designation of the road instead of Carmel's.

The Carmel Pine Cone, only bidder, was awarded the contract for the publication of city official notices, at the rate of 39 cents a square inch.

Then, there were the usual communications wanting trees cut down, permission to build garages in funny places, removal of curbs for garage purposes, and so on and so on.

The council will not meet regularly until December 7, but it may have a special meeting for the purpose of doing something about the Sade Latham liquor license.

Speaking of automobiles offered as prizes by local merchants, the Carmel Dairy, through George Grafft, who just works there, has tentatively offered a \$1,000 prize to the first person who finds himself or herself with four colors in china at the fountain counter or in the booths. Of course, the prize idea must be verified by Earl Graft, when he returns from his eastern and European jaunt, but Earl will do it—you know Earl.

It's like this: If one of the waitresses unconsciously gives you, say, a grass green sugar bowl, a golden yellow pitcher, an Alice blue coffee cup and a mandarin red saucer, you collect—after the prize idea is O. K'd by Earl.

Of course, the combinations can work otherwise, such as this one we got yesterday morning: mandarin red pitcher, golden yellow sugar bowl, grass green cup and Alice blue saucer. We won't be able to collect, however, because—well, you know: no members of the firm, or its advertising agents or any members of their families or, etc.—and I suggested the idea to George.

November 20 or thereabouts will be packing day for the John Mathers who are leaving Carmel for Dallas, Texas. Mather will take a position with his father-in-law, Wiott W. Rankin, of the firm of Rankin, public accountants of Dallas.

Valona Brewer, violin teacher, presented a group of pupils in a recital at Lial's Studio last Friday evening. Those who took part in the concert were Sonja and Peri Koehler, Basil Allaire, Jackie King, Eric Leffingwell, Joyce Davis, Mel-don Moss and Leon Young.

THINGS TO COME



MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in "Confession" and Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Lee in "King Solomon's Mines." Saturday, Ken-ny Baker and Jane Wyman in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" and Jane Withers and Walter Brennan in "Wild and Woolly." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta" (re-issue). Wednesday, Wallace Beery and Leo Carrillo in "Viva Villa" (re-issue). Thursday, Friday, Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor in "Magnificent Obsession" (re-issue).

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performances at 7 and 9. Matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and Saturday, Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell in "Wake Up and Live." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell in "Under Two Flags." Wednesday, Thursday, Simone Simon, Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton in "Girl's Dormitory."

FIRST-AID INSTRUCTORS COURSE

Dr. Claude F. Peters is now conducting a two-weeks' training course for First-Aid instructors. Standard Course certificate necessary to pass the course. Visitors welcome. Every night at 7:30 p.m. at Carmel Fire House.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at La Ribera Hotel, group readings of Shakespearean plays. Visitors and readers welcome. The play now being read is "Henry IV."

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT

Thirty prints by members of the Carmel Camera Club now on exhibit at studio of Johan Hagemeyer, Mountain View and Ocean. Open today and tomorrow from 2 to 5 o'clock.

PLAY READINGS

Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will give a reading of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" at Filmarte on Saturday, November 20.

MARIONETTE THEATRE

John and Mitzi's Marionette Dance Studio. Mountain View and Ocean. Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

POLO

At Del Monte Polo Fields every Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 3 o'clock. Open to the public without charge until December 1.

When an advertiser wants to reach all Carmel buyers with one coverage, he uses The Cymbal.

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REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

TWO BED-ROOM, studio-type cottage in the Eighty Acres. Completely furnished. Large living-room. Large corner lot. \$5500. Terms. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, REALTOR. Ocean and Lincoln. Telephone 98. (19)

BUILD A NEW HOME—You select your own plan and arrange for the builder. Select any unsold site in the Mission Tract. We will arrange for financing the entire cost of lot and house. Initial payment 20 per cent of total cost, balance monthly. For further information see Carmel Realty Company, Las Tiendas Building on Ocean Avenue. (19)

ROBLES DEL RIO. For sale. Half-acre and small cottage. Sacrifice for quick sale. \$850. Address Box L-15, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (tf)

CARMEL POINT—One of the few fine parcels of six lots left intact—the Dr. Lane property—unobstructed Valley View—faces both Carmelo & Rio Ave.—Comfortable house on 2 lots leaving balance of property for development. Priced for immediate sale. See Carmel Realty Company or Thoburns, Ocean Avenue. (19)

HOUSES TO RENT

TELEGRAPH HILL Cottage in San Francisco. High up. Magnificent view of city. Garden. Absent artist will rent at cost to right person for winter months. Inquire Box 178, Carmel. (tf)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3-room apartment, and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

JOBS WANTED

STENOGRAPHER wants whole or part-time work, or as bookkeeper. Capable of managing an office. Address Box L-16, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (tf)

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

SECRETARIAL WORK—Typing, stenography, bookkeeping, clerical work, hourly or part time. At your office or mine. Educated, experienced woman. P. O. Box 943. Phone 197-W. (tf)

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND on Sunday near Dolores and Santa Lucia, keys on a ring, one for Chrysler car. Can be had at Cymbal office on identification. (19)

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

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of Carmel
To Send Away

Menu at Sunset Next Week

November 8 to 12

MONDAY

Soup—Tomato Bouillon.
Salad—Candle.
Hot Dish—Rice with Chipped Beef.
Vegetable—String Beans.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

TUESDAY

Soup—Vegetable.
Salad—Carrot and peanut butter.
Hot Dish—Cheese souffle.
Vegetable—Peas.
Dessert—Orange Delight.

WEDNESDAY

Soup—Alphabet.
Salad—Blushing pear.
Hot Dish—Tagliarini.
Vegetable—Spinach.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

THURSDAY—HOLIDAY

FRIDAY

Soup—Split Pea.
Salad—Moulded Fruit.
Hot Dish—Scalloped Potatoes.
Vegetable—Carrots.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

Martha Morgan is home from San Francisco where she has been soaking up the opera season. Miss Morgan not only went to all the performances but to all the dress rehearsals as well by means of her reporter's card. Miss Morgan is an American correspondent for one of Mussolini's papers in Italy. She is studying and working hard to place herself among the ranks of the better music critics.

Some New Books In the Library

One of the new books at the Carmel Library, "Neutrality for the United States," by Edwin Montefiore Borchard and William Potter Lage, is of particular interest to those wide-awake citizens who have been doing a bit of thinking since the President's Chicago address.

The book, printed by the Yale Press, is a review of the factors leading up to the World War, dealing particularly with the causes of the United States' entry into the war. The authors believe the chief fault was in the failure to apply the principles and rules of neutrality at the time. They believe that a strict commitment to these principles by the president and the secretary of state might keep us out of war. Whether you agree with their theory or premises is no matter. They have made a careful study and the material they have gathered should be helpful to study groups and to individuals.

Other new books in the library are Watkin, "On Borrowed Time"; Sharp, "The Nutmeg Tree"; Stern, "Oleander River"; Benson, "Portrait of an English Nobleman"; "Janet," "Friend of the Rich," and "The Unwanted"; Boyd, "The Picnic"; Prokosch, "The Seven Who Flew"; Zola, "Germinal" with a new introduction by Josephson, and Gerstle Mack's "Paul Cezanne."

Helen Wilson was in town a couple of days last week. Then she went up to Los Gatos to see her sister, Kit Cooke. From there she goes to Los Angeles to see her son, Leon, and then back to her home in Washington, D.C.

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Here's Our Little Appeal for Help To Assistant Postmaster General

Actually, it's hard to believe some of the tales told us about Carmel post office efficiency, or, rather, the total absence of it.

You'd be surprised what complaints have come to us within the week since we announced that we were drafting a petition asking Washington for relief. We didn't realize that it was as bad as it is. If we had not been already convinced that the situation is terrible here and that drastic methods must be taken to remedy it, these complaints, registered with us the past week, would have made it certain

that we must do something about it.

So, we have drafted a petition, addressed to the First Assistant Postmaster General asking him to investigate the Carmel post office. We name no one in the petition, as you see. We simply feel—we know—that something is wrong and we should have it right.

Hence and therefore, we have drafted the following petition which, at the time of this writing, has been enthusiastically and generally signed:

TO THE FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

We, the undersigned residents of the postal district served by the Carmel, California, Post Office, do herewith express our dissatisfaction with the service rendered by the said Post Office, and respectfully ask for relief from conditions that are not only increasingly annoying but in many instances materially costly to us.

Each of us who has signed this petition can provide you or your investigators with information in specific instances of the inefficient service rendered us, and we stand ready to do so.

We state emphatically and sincerely that politics in no way enters into the reason for this petition. This can easily be determined by an investigator from your office.

May we respectfully ask that action be taken on this request for relief and that an acknowledgment of the receipt of this petition be sent to the editor of The Carmel Cymbal, P. O. Box 1800, Carmel, California.

For those from whom we have not heard and who might desire to sign the appeal, one of them is at our Ocean Avenue office, in the Carmel Investment Company, two doors west of the post office and there can be signed.

Beginning next week, and continuing until we get this Christmas present ready for the first assistant postmaster general, we're going to give you some choice examples of the brilliance of our local post office. For instance, did you know that "Jack R. Montague" is living down in Robinson Jeffers' house while the family is away and gets "special delivery" letters there? We'll tell you about that next week or the week after.

And perhaps you'd be interested in hearing about the Carmel woman who found in her post office box the notice of a special delivery air mail package (fancy that) 36 hours after it had arrived in the Carmel post office, as proved by the Carmel post mark on it. And that package, for delivery on Easter, cost the sender 95 cents.

And would you like to hear how Mrs. McGrury and Mr. McCreery

are thinking of starting up a post office of their own halfway between Stella's and Thoburns to exchange the mail so indiscriminately tossed in each other's boxes? Of course, Mrs. McGrury and Mr. McCreery, being new residents in town, what can they expect?

And how about a nice little postal card from Miss Niles, our librarian, mailed in May (so post mark said) and delivered in August?

Then, there's the woman who has been in Carmel for two years and possessed a post office box that long, who learns from a friend in Berkeley that a letter addressed to her was held for two weeks and then returned to Berkeley with the notation on the envelope "Not in directory."

We simply can't go on. You wouldn't believe it. We'll give you the facts, however, names, dates and everything from week to week.

Who's to blame? We don't know. That's why we're sending the petition to the first assistant postmaster general. We want him to find out.

Music Society Sends Forth Its Program

Season ticket subscriptions for the Winter series of the Carmel Music Society are already being taken by Mrs. Paul Flanders, ticket chairman. The first concert of the series is less than a month off at present and music lovers are looking forward to hearing Rudolf Serkin, pianist, who plays December 4. This is the eleventh annual winter series of the Society. Tickets for the season are priced at \$8.75 and \$6.50, according to location. Other memberships include a \$25 contributing membership, \$100 patron membership and \$2 associate membership. Those who have preferred seats for the Auditorium are urged to get in touch with Mrs. Flanders by telephone, Carmel 62 or 22, or by writing to Box 1144.

Besides Serkin, the series includes Shan Kar, Hindu dancer and his ballet group, Nathan Milstein, violinist, and the Budapest String Quartet.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS cost 30 cents a line a month—that is if you let them stand.

This Sunday Is Red Cross Sunday

Next Sunday, November 7, will be observed throughout the nation as Red Cross Sunday. The pastors of Carmel churches are cooperating and bringing to their congregations the wonderful work that Red Cross is accomplishing in its peace time program, as well as the work being done by the local chapter through its welfare department in aiding the sick, the underprivileged and the children of the district that are undernourished. Over \$550 has been expended by the chapter during the past year for milk alone. Many people have been hospitalized. Nurses furnished to aid the sick and to those in want of groceries, medicine, clothing furnished.

The annual roll call is scheduled to begin on Armistice Day, next Thursday, November 11, and will continue until Thanksgiving. Mrs. S. A. Trevvett, general campaign chairman, will establish headquarters at the Carmel Garage for the period of the campaign and here the workers will make daily reports of progress.

This afternoon, the district organization, under the leadership of Miss Florence Curtin, meets at the home of Mrs. Trevvett in Hatton Fields and will receive instructions from C. W. Lee, campaign director. More than 30 loyal women are members of the group and they will make a house-to-house canvass of the district to give our people an opportunity to "Join Red Cross."

The budget for 1938 has been placed at \$3850 covering the needs of the welfare department, the national organization and maintenance of our own Red Cross ambulance, housed in the Carmel fire station.

Complete personnel of the Roll Call organization is as follows:

General Campaign Chairman—Mrs. S. A. Trevvett.

District Chairman—Miss Florence Curtin.

Director—C. W. Lee.

Advance Subscription Committee—James L. Cockburn, chairman; Herman S. Crossman, Whitney Palache, Gustave Laumeister, William Dekker, Col. T. B. Taylor, Mrs. S. A. Trevvett, Mrs. Alfred Matthews, Mrs. Herbert John Morse, Miss Clara G. Hinds.

Business District—E. H. Ewig, chairman; Fred McIndoe, Harry C. Hilbert, Victor Graham, A. C. La Frenz, Jack C. Herron.

District Organization—Miss Florence Curtin, chairman.

District 1—Mrs. Kent Clark, Mrs. Adam Darling, Mrs. W. B. Swain, Mrs. H. A. Ellis.

District 2—Mrs. E. A. H. Watson, Mrs. H. M. Gleason, Miss Rachel Hiller, Mrs. Arthur Hannon.

District 3—Mrs. Keith Evans, Mrs. J. B. Adams, Mrs. Cora Wreath Sly.

District 4—Mrs. Carl Burrows, Miss Clara G. Hinds.

District 5—Mrs. J. B. McCarthy,

Mrs. F. W. Tenwinkle, Mrs. R. A. Doolittle.

District 6—Mrs. J. E. Abernethy, Mrs. W. F. Street.

District 7—Mrs. Howard C. Monroe, Mrs. O. W. Irwin, Mrs. Walter T. Kellogg.

District 8—Mrs. Hugh Comstock, Mrs. J. Weaver Kitchen.

District 9—Mrs. Colden Whitman.

District 10—Mrs. Ralph Skene, Miss Lydia Weld.

District 11—Mrs. F. M. A. MacAdam, Mrs. Howard Clark, Mrs. David Ball, Mrs. T. B. Taylor.

Carmel Highlands—Miss Lorena C. Ray, chairman.

Pebble Beach—Mrs. I. O. Greenan.

Carmel Valley—Mrs. J. Weaver Kitchen, Mrs. Herbert John Morse.

Sunset School—Mrs. Lilly Trowbridge.

Junior Red Cross—Covers Sunset and District Schools in Red Cross territory—Mrs. Lilly Trowbridge, chairman.

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DENNY-WATROUS TO PRESENT 'THE '49ERS' IN MONTEREY

A reading of the old-time play, "The '49ers" was held at the Denny and Hazel Watrous Studio last night. It is planned to put this rip-snorting old number on at the First Theater over the Thanksgiving week-end, November 25, 26 and 27.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS have a way about them.

Winifred Howe Will Play For Musical Arts

The Musical Arts Club will present Winifred Howe in a piano recital November 13, the second of the local artist-series which they are sponsoring. This will be the sixth concert which Miss Howe has played in Carmel. The first was in the old Denny-Watrous Gallery five years ago. Three times she has played with the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra in 1933 and 1937 under Michel Penha, and in 1935 under Gaston Usigli. In Los Angeles, Miss Howe gave lecture-recitals with the famous American composer, Roy Harris. She studied piano under many famous teachers in Europe and was a pupil of Frank Wickman in Carmel.

Tickets for the recital, which will be held in the Golden Bough Green Room, are on sale at Stanford's in Carmel and at Lial's and the Abinante Music Store in Monterey.

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NOVEMBER'S LOYALTY MONTH AT COMMUNITY CHURCH

The Rev. Homer S. Bodley of the Carmel Community Church has announced November as Loyalty Month for the Church. The sermons for the month are: November 7, "Loyalty to Country"; November 14, "Loyalty to Self"; November 21, "Loyalty to God" (Children's Sunday), and November 28, "Loyalty to the Church" (Communion).

Activities of the church include weekly meetings of the Church School, Epworth League, and Women's Auxiliary, the organization of a Young Married Couples' Club, slated for November 9 and a Men's dinner for later in the month.

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